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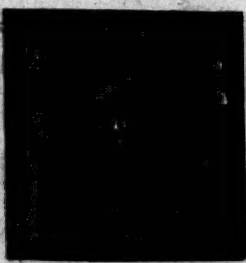
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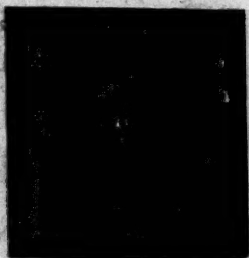
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1156. c. 14.

THE
FAIR METHODIST;
OR,
SUCH THINGS ARE.

VOL. II.

HAIR MEDICINE



SUGGESTIONS AND

NOTES

THE
FAIR METHODIST;

OR,
SUCH THINGS ARE:

In the course of
A TOUR

FROM
London to Canterbury, and Dover; Bath and
Bristol Hot-Wells.

A SERIOUS NOVEL.

Founded in Truth.

VOL. II.

-----Be this detested place my bed,
Where I will ruminate on woman's ills,
Laugh at myself, and curse th' inconstant sex.

LONDON:
PRINTED for J. BELL,
BRITISH LIBRARY, STRAND.

1794.

THE FAIR METHODIST

A TOUR



VOL. II

Be this testified publicly by
Witness I will maintain on woman's side
I am in my soul and conscience in the right

LONDON:

Printed for J. Ball,
British Library, Strand.

1851

THE
FAIR METHODIST.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Inn in London.

WHEN the mind is troubled, from whatsoever cause, the body is always restless. Dr. Macaloes was undoubtedly hurt, and wounded by his anonymous letter, and he wanted fortitude to dispense with it like a philosopher and a man. A reflection upon the follies and iniquities of his former life had made him timid, and let his faith be what it would, he certainly was enervated by his new opinions, insomuch, that he scarce

VOL. II. K

knew where he was, or what he was about, under the alarm of this poor letter.

He met his christian friends at Mr. Holyland's, a gentleman, who kept the tap side of a London inn, according to appointment.

"O, Mr. Holyland," said he, in private, "I have met with a circumstance lately that has given me much pain. You know Miss Grace, how kindly I treated her. I left her at Bristol Wells, and she has since encouraged another man. There, my friend, read that letter, which I yesterday received by the post."

Mr. Holyland read the letter with astonishment—the Doctor cried—then Mr. Holyland cried, and they both went to prayers.

“ Doctor,” says Mr. Holyland, “ don’t let us believe this letter ; it may be written for some vile purpose. Let us have patience.” They hereupon embraced, and joined in a mouthful of prayer with their friends in the inn. These consisted of ordinary, but interested people in business, in town and country, with whom the Doctor supped, took a bowl of punch, and then went home to bed ; there, if possible, to compose his agitated mind, and forget the anonymous letter.

CHAPTER XXV.

Mrs. DOUGLAS' *House*.

WHATEVER Miss Merry's feelings were, and whatever her motives might be, she had her reasons for making Florimond acquainted that she was no stranger to the affair between Dr. Macaloes and Miss Grace ; and Florimond fearing that some improper use had been made of his name, either by her, Mrs. Douglas, or some other person, he declared he would take care to circulate the truth wherever he went.

"I know," said Miss Merry, "I shall be blamed, but I do not care."

Mrs. Douglas now made her appearance—she said she pitied Florimond who had been deceived and ill treated, and that she was certain he would be sorry Miss Grace should come to any harm.

Florimond, thus circumstanced and surrounded by a poor, thoughtless, ignorant hostess, and a sly, artful, and interested girl, laughed at them for their weakness in magnifying of mere trifles, and mistaking the zest of his jokes, when Miss Merry said, “Then a great many falsities must have been asserted somewhere.” Florimond here left their company, and did not converse with Miss Merry above once after, and that only for the purpose of expressing his surprize at a letter she had

brought him into his bed-chamber from Miss Grace, in answer to his, wherein the reader may recollect, he remonstrated with her on the thought of flying from the arms of one man to the bed of another. Her letter is as follows—

“ Before this reaches you I shall be in London, where I shall be glad to see you, if your love will not be turned to hatred, I will endeavor to forget the last letters you sent me, though I cannot help telling you that you have *done well to remind me of my past misconduct.* You might nevertheless have been a little more merciful, for I have *accused myself and am thoroughly sensible of my folly, and needed not the severe epithets you have applied to me to make me unhappy,*

but I forgive you. I ought to have considered *myself* before *you*. I sincerely wish you happy, and if a continuance of my friendship will contribute to make you so, I promise it you as far as in my power. I hope to see you in health and spirits in London, where you will call on me. I shall be made a wife of in the course of a week after I am there, and long before you will be in town. I hope you will think justly of me and contradict any report at the Wells that may tend to do me harm. I do not think I shall be able to write to you again, therefore do not be surprized if you do not hear from me. Neither do you write to me any more. When we meet, perhaps, we may settle things. Burn all my letters and compose yourself. Happiness may be in store for you. Strange things

come to pass. You know my address.
Adieu.

Your's, sincerely,

C. G."

It is obvious that Miss Grace was in high spirits when she penned this letter, though her conscience upbraided her for what she herself calls her misconduct by Florimond, who now, had no longer reason to doubt her views and intentions with him. She made sure of marrying the Doctor, and thence establishing herself happily with him for life, the more so, as she was convinced Florimond had no fortune, however secretly she loved him. Had she copied Rousseau's Eloisa she might have done this virtuously, and obtained her intended husband's con-

sent to have him visit her ; but her wishing to see him when married to that gentleman, betrayed something which the least discerning reader will easily surmise. Her letters to such an end, blaming herself for her misconduct on one head, yet wishing to encrease it on the other, affected him much. She had before told him she would be his friend after she was married to the Doctor, and as she expected nothing from her father or godfather, she was obliged to marry him who expected nothing with her, all which preyed so heavily on Florimond's mind, that it made him ill, and confined him to his chamber, where Miss Merry visited him one morning, and lamented the imposition that had been practised on him. " Indeed," he said to her, " I am wounded at what you have told

me. This letter which informs me she is going to town to be married to the Doctor, contains such expressions, that, upon my honor, it half distracts me. I do declare to you, Miss Merry, my views with her were strictly honorable: but as this is the case I will endeavor to forget her, and be more cautious for the future.

Miss Merry said his concern was visible, and then left him. He dined out in company to divert and change the disagreeable scene before him, and having taken an over-quantity of wine, he returned in the evening rather intoxicated, and went immediately to bed, where he exclaimed loudly against his infatuation, and the bitterness of fate, in being cheated and imposed upon, as he had been;

by Miss Grace. As there is truth in wine, every word that fell from his lips was swallowed with avidity by Mrs. Douglas, Mrs. Franco, Miss Lewer, and Miss Merry, who treasured up all they heard, the better to discover it on a future occasion, for the preservation of a brother in faith, and the advantage of an accepted sister.

Mrs. Franco and her party soon after departed from Mrs. Douglas', and went to Weymouth, leaving Miss Merry behind them ; who having no christian of the true faith to converse with, except Mrs. Douglas, in a few days set off for London, leaving Florimond to reflect on all he had experienced with Miss Grace, and to make the best of his disappointment, either by laughing at

the folly and wickedness of his new acquaintances, or contemptuously consigning them over to their own contrivances, to make the most of the news they had picked up at the Wells.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A Change of Circumstances.

FLORIMOND, as he was reflecting on the things that were past, was agreeably interrupted by his friend Lorimer, who, to account for the little notice that has been taken of him lately in this adventure, had but just returned from Wales. He had started some fair game, or rather, lest the critical reader should mistake the meaning of the adjective, some game among the fair ; and being always the welcomed companion, had joined a party down Channel to Carmarthen, where he passed six weeks, the whole time Florimond had been engaged with Miss Grace, Miss Merry, and

the rest of the ladies at Mrs. Douglas'. "Ah, Florimond," said Lorimer, "though I have not been idle since I saw you, I have no conquest to boast of. I have danced with one, flirted with another, and though I had hopes of running down a woman, who I certainly should not have hated had I wedded, she has satisfied me, that all we should, in that case, have had to live on, would have been my pay, except indeed a small cottage in Somersetshire, and some old furniture left her by an aunt. She had been well educated, was dressed well, and attended by her servant. She had all the appearance of a gentlewoman. She liked me much better than I did her, and was visibly anxious for my offer; but finding, from herself, she had little in possession, though as she said

something in expectation from an old uncle, I contented myself with her company in a cool, friendly way, and left her at the White Hart in Bristol, never perhaps to see her more. I am now at the New Rooms. I propose drinking the waters for a time and shall then think of returning home." Florimond smiled, and answered: "If, Lorimer, you have fared no better than I have done, we may as well finish our Travels with a pistol or a halter, for I have been jilted by an elegant woman, who treated me with all outward kindness. I have travelled the Lord knows where with her, and in the moment I expected all things were propitious, she convinced me I had pursued a phantom—a farmer's daughter in the shape of a woman of fortune. I have since been entan-

gled among a party of Methodists, who are lately gone hence, to put, I fear, some diabolical scheme in execution against the unrighteous, among whom, I suppose, they have classed me. I am glad, therefore, to see you ; and let what will happen, you will advise and attend me through." " D—n it," replied Lorimer, there is something of the affair in the Bristol paper ; I read it this morning at breakfast, and here it is," producing the paper. Florimond reads—

News extraordinary from the Hot Wells.

The most entertaining house at the Wells is known by the name of the Domestic Tabernacle. It is now occupied by converted Jews, Methodists, Papists, Quakers, one Mahometan, and a philosopher, besides two gentlemen in a consumption.

Psalms are sung by one party in the morning ; grace is said before and after meat by another ; and every evening prayers are either sung or said among the serious ; while the philosopher, like the devil among the taylor, preaches on natural principles, and by throwing dust in their eyes, does just what he pleases with them, insomuch that report says he lately eloped with the prettiest of all the fair in the house.

“ Merry enough,” says Florimond, “ and in part true ;” at which they laughed heartily, protested against the folly of credulity, and vowed they would for the future be as great unbelievers of women, as any infidels in religion. “ Well, Lorimer,” says Florimond, “ We shall now often see each other, and I will make

you acquainted with every thing that occurs here.' "So will I you," replied Lorimer, "in regard to myself," and then they parted.

CHAPTER XXVII.

New Comers.

It pleased God in his abundant goodness, through the recommendation of that righteous woman, Mrs. Franco, that the widow of a Baronet, Lady Lively, came to lodge and board at Mrs. Douglas', soon after the departure of Miss Merry for London; and also a Mrs. Bliss, a Quaker, with a Mrs. Pure and a Mrs. Gee, two other Methodists. Lady Lively, who was a woman of a great flow of spirits, full of words and fond of mirth, but destitute of an equilibrium, had been seen at Tabernacle by Mrs. Franco, who taking a liking to her, formed an acquaintance with

her, and wished to have her in Mrs. Douglas' house. She accordingly came there, and being really a woman of fashion, Florimond was the more attentive to her. She dined once in the boarding parlor, in a large party of Quakers, Methodists, Papists, Jews, Churchmen, &c ; Florimond was among them, and she was pleased afterwards to say he was the only Gentleman-like man she saw there.

To oblige her he gave up his chamber to her, the pleasantest in the house, and as it was fully occupied, he mounted into an attic one; from whence, having occasion to write to his sister in London he dated his letter. This alarmed her, lest distress had forced him into it, and she felt hurt at her mistake, desiring

in her answer to know the truth, that she might send him instant relief, in case he required it.

Though the relation of this trivial fact may be out of order, and break in a little upon the unity of time and place, it is too striking to be omitted, and is the more allowable in these pages, as it was an incident that brought tears into Florimond's eyes, and really happened as related.

Great pains were taken by Mrs. Bliss to converse solely with Florimond. She was the widow of an Irishman, and had turned Quaker for convenience. She threw herself always in his way; and though one evening he was engaged out to tea with Mrs. Wellington, another new

comer, she so completely hemmed him into a corner of the boarding parlor, where she ordered her own tea things to be set, that he could not get out to keep his appointment. Her whole talk was methodistical, and so truly tiresome, that when tea was over he forced his way from her, determined never more to be pressed into the service of hearing her enthusiastic doctrine. He met Miss Wellington in the passage, who seemed displeased he had not waited on her. He assigned her the reason, and sitting down with her, was the more pleased with her because she was no Methodist. She had heard of his affair with Miss Grace, declared her a bite, and by means of a merry old fellow, Mr. Oldford, was inclined to open a treaty with him in the hymeneal way.

“Miss Wellington,” says Mr. Oldford to Florimond, “is pleased with your character and company. She told me so. Now as she has a snug fortune at Wells, and you are a gentleman by profession, let me set things a going between you.” “Lord, Mr. Oldford,” says she, “how can you run on so? I said no such thing,” though it was very plain she meant it. “O, madam,” said Florimond, “there is no harm if you did. Freedom of speech, with sincerity of heart, are highly agreeable at all times. For my part, disposed as I am to change my condition, it is very well known here that I cannot afford to do it without a fortune; I mean a moderate one.” The blood flushed in her face at this, and seemed to give a silent approbation. She then told him her fortune was free-

hold, of about one hundred pounds a year ; which not being sufficient for Florimond to make him dispense with her age, and other very objectionable points he saw in her ; he laughed and chatted occasionally with her in the house, until being assured he did not think any thing of her, she left it, and him also, to amuse himself as he could with Lady Lively, and the rest of the lodgers.

Florimond, now to pass away an agreeable hour, associated with this lady, and the rest of the New Comers. With some of them he danced, with others he sung and prayed ; and as the latter were for ever talking to him on their favourite theme, Religion, he, from the great pliancy of his disposition, and to oblige them, composed a discourse from those

words of Peter, "See that you love one another with a pure heart fervently."

Having assembled a large room full of pious auditors of both sexes, in Mrs. Douglas' house, he delivered this sermon to them with solemnity, accuracy, and ease, to their unanimous satisfaction. It had for its principal end, universal love and charity among the Almighty's creatures, of every sect and denomination, and reprobated the want of these in all ill-guided fanatics. Part of the company understood its force, but the rest only liked it without knowing why they did so, except that they had heard something in the shape of a sermon from a text of St. Peter.

In the course of its delivery, a Hot-

Wells physician passed the chamber door, in which Florimond and his congregation were collected together, in his way to a patient, and hearing a part of it, he exclaimed "Good God, Mrs. Douglas, have you got a Methodist preacher in your house?" "No, sir," said she, "it is Counselor Florimond, explaining a text of scripture to some serious ladies and gentlemen. He is very clever—do you walk in, Doctor, and hear him." "No thank you," replied he, "I have something better to do. I am going to a patient up stairs, and I am afraid he will disturb her." He then left Mrs. Douglas to hear Florimond out, and took an opportunity the next day, to proclaim him, wherever he went, a Methodist. Thus spreading his groundless information, unknowing either Florimond's text, or the

deductions he made from it. In fact, Florimond was no Methodist, but a Christian philosopher. His discourse was a moral satyr on Methodism, and was liked by several ingenious clergymen of the Church of England, who afterwards read it ; but because the good Doctor, who is neither a Methodist, nor any thing else, heard the sound of it on his chaste ear, in his way to a patient, which he worships even as a golden idol, in a methodistical house, he set down Florimond as an itinerant priest of the order of Whitfield.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Bristol Newspaper.

OLD Douglas, who was an Irish Roman Catholic, was hardly ever sober. He was a poor miserable lump of abuse and blackguardism; and as he was sitting in the common parlor of his house, with several of his lodgers, he addressd Florimond thus:—
“Here is a fine piece of work, sir, about our house!” “Why, what is the matter?” says Florimond.
“You will see here in this paper.” Douglas giving him the Bristol Gazette, which he read as follows:—

More news from the Hot-wells.

A love affair has lately broken out

at the Wells, that is likely to produce some business for the gentlemen of the long robe. A lawyer, a pharisee, a farmer, an apothecary, a female rival, and an accepted lady of great beauty, are said to be the principal performers. Great interest is making to stifle the matter for the honor of Methodism, lest the profane and unholy should in their scoffings take it up as another instance of human frailty, and make Faith the scape goat of evil works. The lawyer is thought to be a disciple of Plato and Socrates. The pharisee a domestic spy; the apothecary a saint; the female rival, far advanced in grace; and the accepted lady an earthly excellence. But since the discovery, all is Babylon among them; they sing hymns the wrong side of their mouths, and all their

extempores are at an end, for the present.

Florimond having read this paragraph, said, "This is nothing to your house, Mr. Douglas." "Yes sir, it is," replied he, "for by G—d you went off with a young lady from it;" and then he hobbled out of the room in great disorder.

Florimond could not account for the paragraph, though it made him smile. It was all good humour, and nothing rancorous was in it; therefore it was not censurable. It showed that the matter was kept alive, contrary to his wishes, and it plainly alluded to his affair with Miss Grace, of whom he never expected to hear again. He was pleased it was thus made a joke of, and hoped it would

end in one. But the Methodists, who hoped to have him within their pale, now set him down as unhallowed.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A Correspondence between Miss MERRY, in London, and Mrs. FRANCO, at Weymouth.

Miss Merry who certainly, for the first time be it spoken, secretly loved Dr. Macaloes, had left Mrs. Douglas' full fraught with information which she intended to communicate to him as soon and as conveniently as she could, after she arrived in London. Therefore the very first visit she made there was to her confidential acquaintance, her soul's sister, Miss Tittup, to whom she unbosomed herself.

"Heaven guard our ways," said

Miss Merry, " what a merciful discovery has come to pass: Miss Grace has deceived the Doctor ! She would have married a gentleman at the Wells of the name of Florimond, with whom she has gallanted, but he found out she was not what she pretended, and has given her up. She loves him, I am sure ; how therefore can I suffer so worthy a man as Dr. Macaloes to be imposed upon ? Ought I not to tell him of it ? You wrote me word he had received an anonymous letter about it, and as he must be alarmed, what I know will come the better from me." " Yes," replied Miss Tittup, her soul's sister " he came to me on the occasion and seemed half distracted. I shall see him at chapel in the evening, and will tell him any thing you wish me." " Then tell him," says

Miss Merry, "that I am a witness to their gross familiarities—that he went with her to Worcester where I have reason to believe they slept together three nights, and that they are as much acquainted with one another as man and wife—besides this, that she told him she had three hundred pounds a year estate."

Miss Merry's soul's sister, Miss Tittup, swallowed all this, and faithfully delivered it with some embellishments to the Doctor. He had been just before lulled and comforted by a sweet discourse he had heard from Dr. Faithful, who knew Miss Grace ; but such intelligence as this drove it from his mind, and sickened him to the heart. "I thank Miss Merry and all my friends for their kind attention to my peace. I

fear I have long misplaced my confidence in Miss Grace, and shall now be careful how I take a viper in my bosom."

The next morning he waited upon his friend Mr. Holyland, who hearing this from him, sensibly said, "Do not, Doctor, be too hasty. Hear the other side before you judge. Miss Merry may have some design." "True," replied the Doctor; "we may hear further soon, and be better satisfied."

To corroborate her intelligence, Miss Merry wrote to Mrs. Franco, at Weymouth, requesting her answer; and to show how ready a good and righteous woman is to do a good deed by a fellow-creature, she, by the re-

turn of the post, sent the following letter.—

Dear Miss Merry,

I have just received your letter about Miss Grace, whose wickedness with Florimond I saw as well as you. It astonished me, and I am glad you have made the Doctor acquainted with it. Should you wish to hear more, let me know, and I will readily bear testimony to her guilt. My sister and daughters are all well, and we are

Yours, sincerely in faith,

L. Franco.

Weymouth.

• Nothing could be more favorable to Miss Merry's purpose than this wholesome letter, so religiously writ-

ten by a lady who formerly had little or no regard to character. She fled with it to her soul's sister, who fled with it to the Doctor. He, poor man, trembled when he read it. He had ate a muffin extraordinary over his tea, but the contents made his cream turn sour on his stomach. He thanked his fair messenger, hied immediately to his friend, Mr. Holyland, and on showing him Mrs Franco's letter they both set Miss Grace down as excommunicated.

In this instant the Post brought the Doctor a letter from Miss Grace. It was this---

My dear and ever respected friend,
As my health is by the blessing of God restored, I propose setting off for London on Friday, so as to be

with you on Saturday night. My brother will accompany me by consent of my father and mother, and I hope in the Lord I shall find you in health to receive me.

I am,

Your sincere and affectionate friend.

C. G.

The Doctor was like the school-man's ass, between two locks of hay. He knew not which way to turn. But after deliberating that it was enough to destroy a man's good opinion of a woman, whose honor and fidelity he suspected, as he did Miss Grace, resolved to interdict her coming to town, and wrote to her by an express for that purpose.

CHAPTER XXX.

MISS GRACE *and her brother set off
for London.*

FULL of hilarity and joy at the idea of changing a scene, and removing herself from the dominion of her father and mother's house to one of her own, as the wife of the Doctor, every thing was prepared for her journey to him. Various were the pleasures she had promised herself in wedlock. Imagination pictured to her scenes of lasting bliss. She was to be mistress of a house and servants, have a coach to ride in, and be the consort of a man she knew she could rule by various little arts and stratagems. In short, all was

about to be heaven on earth ; when, with a conscience scarcely touched by a recollection of her conduct with Florimond, she rose with an enlivening sun, and made ready to take leave of worthy parents, and go with her brother to the Doctor in London.

The farewell kiss being taken, they departed from home, and about two in the afternoon they got to Worcester, where, while refreshing themselves at the inn, the master of it, who recollected Miss Grace, came to her and informed her that an express was just arrived in his yard from London, with a letter directed to her father. She desired a sight of it, and knowing the direction to be of Dr. Macaloes' hand writing, said it was relative to her-

self and opened it. The contents were these :---

“ Dear Sir,

“ Having notice from your daughter Charlotte, of your intention to set off with her to London on Friday next, I mean if possible to prevent your fruitless journey, as from the inconsistency of her actions, my intentions towards her are entirely changed, of which I informed her in a letter this week. When at Bristol she encouraged the addresses of a Mr. F. who I learn accompanied her into Shropshire, and assured him by words then, and letters since that, he was the only man she could like, and that her wish to be connected with Dr. M. was from interested motives alone. These things he has acknowledged to some friends, de-

clared his concern on my account, and that nothing but the want of fortune prevented him from marrying her. Finding your daughter's affections thus estranged from me, I give up all pretensions with a determined resolution never to renew them. Wishing you and your family every earthly blessing.

I am your very humble servant,

G. M."

When Miss Grace had read this thundering epistle, she was flurried and perplexed. So early an interruption of her joyful career embarrassed and confused her. She concealed it from her brother, put it in her pocket, and fearing to be interrogated by her father, determined he should never see it, but that she would proceed on her journey to London. She and

her brother therefore arrived there the next evening, and took up their abode at the inn kept by the Doctor's religious friend Mr. Holyland, and a house resorted to by country methodists. Here she was known, and from here she wrote to her dear Doctor, informing him of her arrival, and craving an interview.

He received her letter with astonishment and great disappointment. He hoped his express would have reached her father in time and stopped her coming. He knew not what to do ; but as she was near him he thought it proper to give her a hearing. He waited on her with a degree of concern. He had liked her, but her latter behaviour cast a gloom over him, which greatly darkened her in his opinion. The fatigues of

her journey, and the agitation of her spirits had made her unwell, and she received him in her bed. He addressed her with coolness. "You have wounded me, Miss Grace, to the heart." "I am sorry for it," answered she, "if I have it is not intentionally. I have always looked up to you with veneration and respect, and spoken of you as the best of men." "So you say," replied he, "but the acquaintance you have formed with Florimond has destroyed all. You would, as I have been informed by Miss Merry and others, have married him, if he could have afforded it without a fortune. You suffered him to go alone with you to Worcester, where you were together three days and three nights.

"No, Dr. Macaloes, some vile in-

cendiary has been at work against me, and perverted what I am ready to acknowledge to the grossest of purposes. It is very true I became acquainted with Mr. Florimond at Mrs. Douglas', where you left me. He is a man of character and a gentleman. I acknowledge his politeness to me while I was ill there. It was common to all the other lodgers. But though I thank him for civilities, does it follow that I love him? The heart that is capable of being divided, never truly loved any one. He would, I admit, have treated with me on the subject of marriage, but you had secured me too strongly for me to hear him with a moment's patience, and I should think if you saw me in an amiable light, you could not be offended, because another did the same. I was alone in a strange place.

Would you have had me return rudeness for civility? I rather believed you would have admired and thanked the man who was ready to oblige the object you yourself loved. What could I do with a sprained leg? He cheerfully engaged a place in the Stage home for me; and as he was going to Worcester contrived in compassion to my illness to accompany me thither as a brother, lest I might have met with inconveniencies which you yourself would have been sorry for. This is the truth, and I call God and Heaven to witness it. If you believe however any thing slanderous against me, I am unworthy of you; and you are the same by me. But I love"—Here she burst out into an ebullition of tears, which harrowed up the Doctor's soul. He joined her in weeping, and taking her in his

arms said, "Well, well, Charlotte, let us compose ourselves, you shall come to my house to-morrow, and I hope all will be well yet. My intelligence comes from Miss Merry, whom I have not seen since she came to town, neither will I until this unhappy affair is clearly understood by us all." He then took his leave of her, sent her some composing drafts which did her good, and the next day she wrote Florimond the following letter.

"Good God, Florimond, I am miserable and distracted. I am now in London, treated with scorn and reproach on your account. I am too well acquainted with the treachery of all about you. How could you mention the three hundred pounds a-year. Dr. Macaloes never knew

of it. I was deceived. Say therefore it was a mistake of yours, and that I never said I had it ; or say it was the property of a relation of mine, left her by a man who was out of his mind, and hung himself, which is the truth. Say this, for if I do not come off with honor I am undone. Say also, I have always told you I never could nor ever would marry any man but the Doctor. Do not show any of my letters, but burn them. I have been told you have said it was from interested motives alone I wished to be connected with Dr. M. Let me beg of you to bring me off with honor, or I will never forgive you. If you are called upon, declare that I have professed the utmost affection for the Doctor. Keep to this and all will do. Declare further that I knew your mother some

years ago. Be faithful to me, and I will love or hate *you*.

Florimond, who had amused himself, as in a former Chapter, with the new comers at Mrs. Douglas', and somewhat composed himself, was now much disturbed on receipt of so extraordinary a letter, which betrays that guilt it requires to be palliated, and by return of the post he answered it with a mixture of censure, pity, and compassion. He explained every seeming cause of suspicion against Miss Grace, not doubting but he should appease and quiet the fears of the Doctor, to whom he was an utter stranger ; and unworthy as she had made herself appear to Florimond of the confidence of that gentleman, or indeed any other man, he the more readily endeavored to soften the ani-

mosity and close the breach between her and him, that he might the more readily get rid of a subject which had become so disagreeable. Scarce a man in a multitude but would have disdained her, and have widened her division with the Doctor, by confirming the truths which he only on the secret interference of an artful and interested woman suspected. But Florimond, though every way averse to countenance a worthless character or a vicious conduct in any one, thought that something was necessary to be done for the sake of himself. He was well acquainted with human nature, and knew not but Miss Grace might make the Doctor an excellent wife, however inexcusably she had imposed upon him. He knew the caprices of passion, vanity, and ambition; and that there is no hold on the affections when

worldly advantage is the sole pursuit, when pride is the object of gratification, and when nothing will check its career. Often do women marry even men they rather hate than love ; and from cohabitation, the grand criterion, adore them and make them weddedly blessed. As Miss Grace therefore might not think the Doctor indifferent after six years acquaintance, Florimond concluded that he ought as a gentleman and a man to answer her letter, and if not establish her peace with the Doctor, at least not prevent it, where the consequence might be happiness to her, and no loss to him. He quitted the rigor of a moralist, and assumed the mildness of a philosopher, sensible that an act never becomes criminal, but as it involves ourselves or others in misery or danger.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The Inn in London.

WHEN Miss Grace received Florimond's letter, at the Inn where she lodged, she summoned the Doctor to her chamber, there to read it, which he did in the presence of his friend the landlord, and Mr. Holyland, both of whom were so pleased with it, that though they had before wept at one another over the supposed transfiguration of Miss Grace, whose visit the Doctor had forbidden; they asked who Florimond was; they said he wrote elegantly, and that his letter breathed piety throughout. The affair, says the Doctor, puts me in mind of the Three Crows, a ludi-

crous piece of poetry, which ends thus:—

Thus strange amazing stories creep about,
That come to nothing if you find them out.

His countenance now cleared up, and he conducted his dear Grace to his house.

Miss Merry had not seen her. She attempted it, but was refused an interview, by the advice of her friends. This offended her, and finding the Doctor was reconciled to Miss Grace, she resolved to break his peace with her. She wrote to him and his acquaintances, asserting, that the lady he had taken to his house was *three months gone with child, by Florimond*, and that she had been assured of it at the Wells. This staggered and almost gagged the Doctor; and Miss

Merry and Mrs. Franco were too powerful for one poor fellow sinner, who was sickened and confounded. He again consulted his friend, Holyland, to whose care he consigned her, and from whose house she again wrote to Florimond, thus:—

“ Mr. Florimond,

Since I wrote you last, Miss Merry has asserted that I am three months gone with child by you. For God's sake bring me off with honor. This slanderous girl is not believed here, and it is thought by all, that her slander is calculated to break off the connexion between the Doctor and me, therefore what you say will be credited. Write to the Doctor, and enclose your letter in one to me; assure him of my innocence, and that I told you at Worcester I would

marry no man but him. But do not say if I had not been engaged I should have liked you, for that will make him suspicious. Pray do as I desire, for none of the party believe the scandal. I am now at a friend of the Doctor's, who has written to Mrs. Douglas, and I beg you will write to me and the Doctor. Let your letter to me be very short, for consider, now the sparks of jealousy are once lighted, a little will put them in a flame. If you do not clear me I never will speak to you more; but if you do, you shall always have my good wishes and friendship.

Adieu.

C. G."

Disgusting as Miss Grace was now to Florimond, he complied with her request, and the Doctor having by

every stratagem in his power enforced her asseverations of innocence, he seemed for several days to be well disposed towards her. He visited her, and treated her with apparent affection, which raised her drooping spirits, and gave her hopes that she would soon be constituted his own, according to the rites and ceremonies of the Church of England, in spite of the devil and all his works.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Mrs. Douglas' fears.

POOR Mrs. Douglas, who to do her justice was a well meaning woman, though she had always the same praises to offer in favor of all her lodgers, provided they did not leave her in debt, came into Florimond's room with a letter in her hand. "Somebody, sir," said she "has sent me this here letter ; I do not know who, sir ; it is about Miss Grace, and desires an answer. Here it is. I wish you would read it." Florimond read as follows :

"Madam,

It is not long since the Rev. Mr.

F. recommended to your particular care a young lady of the name of Grace. How far that care has been manifested is not for me to determine; but since her abode in your house, a scandalous report has been propagated, much to her disadvantage, respecting her connexion with Mr. F. As I do not think it just to take up a report as true, which is unconfirmed by you, I request you will give me the most particular account you know of this matter. If it be true I cannot account for your silence, while another person could write so frequently on the subject, and if it be not true it is justice to yourself to contradict it immediately, as the reputation of your house, as well as your character as a professed christian, are much concerned in this matter. In the mean time I com-

mend you to the care of that God who is able to bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and to make manifest the counsels of the heart.

I am

Your most humble servant."

"Why, Mrs. Douglas," said Florimond, "what have you to do with the lady or her conduct, or what has the writer of this letter to do with either?" "I do not know what he has, but I know I have nothing," answered she, "I shall be obliged to you to answer it for me, as I cannot write very well myself. "That I will with all my heart," replied Florimond, and he wrote the following.

"Sir,

I have received a letter from you

informing me of a report respecting a lady who lately lodged at my house, wherein you desire in one place an immediate answer. But as you are a total stranger, and I am surprized at the report you speak of, I apprehend if the Rev. Mr. F. had heard of it he would have written to me. Should he, with the concurrence of the lady, apply to me, I will instantly answer him. In the mean time, stranger as I am to you, and ignorant as I am of the report you allude to, I can only assure you that the attention I am obliged to pay to the business of my house, prevents my interfering in the conduct of my lodgers, which at any rate I apprehend would be impertinent. I am humbly thankful for every recommendation that is made me, and I flatter myself every becoming care

is taken of my lodgers. I do every thing I can to oblige them, and have always given satisfaction hitherto. I know nothing of the lady you mention, but as to the gentleman, I have known, and had reason to respect him some time. I saw nothing in the behaviour of the former but what was amiable. In public places of this sort scandal is too common, and an innocent joke is often turned into a reflection; but I hope nothing of the kind has been spread to the injury of any lodger of mine.

I will take an opportunity of showing your letter to the gentleman, who will not be very well pleased with the liberty taken with his name to the scandalous disadvantage of a lady, and I am

Your most obedient servant,
M. Douglas."

In about a week after the dispatch of this letter, which was directed to Holyland, Esq. unknowing him to be an Inn-keeper, Mrs. Douglas was waited upon by a Methodist gentleman and lady of Bristol, in consequence of a letter they had received from the Rev. Mr. F. who had recommended Miss Grace to Mrs. Douglas, desiring he would enquire into the particulars of the report, relative to that lady and Florimond; who happening to be at home, Mrs. Douglas sent for him, not knowing herself what to say. When Florimond entered the parlor, "Sir," says the Methodist gentleman to him, "we do not mean to trouble you on the business, but came here to speak with Mrs. Douglas, respecting a young lady who lodged here, and who, it seems, has been grossly scandalized in London.

“ I am sorry to hear it, sir,” says Florimond, “ I hope she does not deserve it, and the whole must have arisen from some innocent mirth in this house, which has been misrepresented. As you speak very fair, I will if you please read you what I have written to London.” “ Sir, we are engaged at home to dinner, if you will partake of what we have, we shall be proud of your company.” Florimond, anxious to explain himself, accepted the invitation, put some papers in his pocket, and dined genteelly with them. He then read the whole story to them ; at which they laughed, and said that they had heard that the Doctor would marry Miss Merry if he could be off his engagement with Miss Grace, and they thought it imprudent in the former to go and lodge in the same

house with the latter. They then, with a cautious regard to Methodism, hoped Florimond, who possibly might not be so scrupulous in matters of religion as they were, would not condemn a whole body of the righteous, on account of one unrighteous member, and he then left them, perfectly satisfied of the slander that had gone forth, so far as related to Miss Grace's being with child.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

FLORIMOND and a Methodist Parson.

A FEW days after Florimond had dined with the Methodist lady and gentleman in Bristol, as in the last chapter, the Rev. Mr. Teartext paid him a visit. He had not much of the Methodist in his address, though he was a flaming one in the pulpit. He said he had heard that Florimond had given a moral discourse, which was much liked; and that he had spoken to Mrs. Douglas about a report that was circulated in London, to the prejudice of Miss Grace. "I believe, sir," said he, "with you, that some secret slander had been spread against her for an interested

purpose," and Mrs. Douglas coming into the parlor, he obliquely censured her for perverting words in her house, which she had misconstrued. Florimond made answer that if Miss Grace were in the situation that Scandal had placed her, it was unknown to him; and he assured his pious visitant that he should have been very glad if he had never seen her, or any of her methodistical acquaintance.

Teartext then politely took his leave, and as Mr. Holyland of the Inn had mentioned Florimond's name in his letter to Mrs. Douglas, he wrote to him in these words:—

" Sir,

In a letter Mrs. Douglas has lately received from you, mention is made

of my name, to the disadvantage of a lady who lately lodged here ; but as I understand you are an entire stranger, and have spoken of a report without stating particulars, I wish to be informed of them as soon as possible, that I may know whom to apply to for taking the liberty to introduce my name into what at present seems to me to be mere calumny, calculated to answer some private purpose. The word connexion is of doubtful meaning, and if envy and ill-nature have been busy in the use of it, the sooner it is known the better, lest an innocent woman, whose conduct in this house was open to every one in it, should suffer in the esteem of her friends, among whom I presume you class, as one who have casually heard the report you name. Your letter to Mrs. Douglas is writ-

ten in an humble tone of authority, as if that poor harmless woman were responsible for the chimerical misconduct of her lodgers. In justice to myself the moment I hear the precise particulars of the report, telling me in what manner she is injured by it, I will answer them to any one's satisfaction, who will say in what relation he stands to her, or how he is interested in the continuance of her good character. Had Dr. Macaloes applied to Mrs. Douglas on the occasion, I should not have sent you this letter. At any rate there is a sort of mystery somewhere, and I am sorry my name has been made use of to the injury of any lady. If she has heard the report, she must be distressed; and if you be her friend, I think from the manner in which you conclude your letter to Mrs. Douglas, you

will rejoice in whispering peace to those who are in trouble, and healing the broken in spirit. I seldom quote scripture, but am nevertheless a friend to innocence and virtue, truth and religion. I wish I knew where to address a line to her, that I might tell her how easy it is to blast a reputation, and how hard the remedy when guilt is pronounced on the ground of suspicion and report. I will learn where she is, that she may have an opportunity of defeating the malice of her enemies, and all their uncharitableness.

I am your humble servant,

A. F.”

Every thing now was as still as the air in August, for about a week, when Mrs. Douglas expressing a wish to

write to Dr. Macaloes, in answer to the enquiries made by the Methodist gentleman and lady in Bristol, with whom Florimond dined, and also by Mr. Teartext, he by her desire wrote as follows, in her name:—

“ Sir,

Having been applied to about a report respecting Miss Grace and Mr. Florimond, and in order to inform you of all I know of it, I have the pleasure of saying, that soon after Miss Grace came here, Mr. Florimond, a gentleman of character, and a friend of mine, made an acquaintance with her at my boarding table, and walked out with her one evening, after which he went to London on business, from whence he returned here last month, where he frequently drank tea with her in her

bedchamber, while confined with a sprained leg. At first I mentioned she was engaged to a gentleman, but she desired me not to say so again, or mention your name. I had no idea that any thing was carrying on between them, until I heard she had told him she had three hundred pounds a year from a godfather, besides what her father would give her; but that Mr. Florimond finding this to be a mistake, and as he could not afford to marry without a fortune, he declined entering into any treaty with her. He went with her, out of politeness, part of her way home, as she was ill. Many things were whispered about by my other lodgers, on account of his visiting her in her bed-room, and staying with her late in the evening;

but of every thing more I am an entire stranger.

I am your most obedient servant,

M. Douglas."

The next day a male acquaintance of Miss Merry's being about to go to London, Florimond charged him with the following letter to her:—

"Miss Merry,

Surprized and astonished as I am at the wicked scandal that has been spread somewhere about Miss Grace and me, I have only time to inform you, that should I hear any thing more of it, I will explain to you what appears to have been grossly mistaken, and much more grossly misrepresented. You have written twice

to Mrs. Douglas, who has answered you fully to Dr. Macaloes. Should you ever see the contents you will have reason to think that a sad perversion of words has taken place, and that you have grossly deceived yourself, and others.

I am your obedient servant,

A. F."

Mrs. Douglas then sent her by the same post this letter:—

" Dear Miss,

I had the pleasure to receive your two letters, and have written to the Doctor according to your desire, all I know of the business. I am very much afraid we have misunderstood Mr. F. for he has convinced all here that nothing improper ever passed

between him and Miss Grace. He says though he was somewhat disappointed in his wishes to treat with her on marriage; he could not think we alluded to any thing wrong in our talk with him. Nay, he assures me he had no meaning in any thing he said to me, but what was innocent. He appears much concerned at our mistake, and spoke remarkable handsome of you. It would have been better if Dr. M. had interfered in the business himself, and Mr. F. wishes you had shown him what you wrote to town, before you sent it away, as you promised to do; if you had he would by no means have suffered you to write, as he fears you have done, with a good, but mistaken intention. I imagine now the business will be thought no more of, and except for the concern he is un-

der for the distress of an innocent woman, he would laugh at the whole affair. I hope you have recovered your health, and am

Your obedient servant,

M. Douglas.”

After the dispatches of these letters, Florimond concluded he should hear no more from Miss Grace, Mr. Holyland, or Miss Merry ; in consequence of the trouble he had been put to, to satisfy the former and her friends, that the report so freely spread against her was founded in error, on the part of Mrs. Douglas, or something worse on the part of Miss Merry, and Mrs. Franco ; but receiving no tidings from her, and supposing she might be returned

home to her father, he wrote to her there this letter :—

“ Miss Grace,

It is almost impossible for me to tell you how unhappy I have been at the wicked reports that have been circulated to your disadvantage, and having said and done every thing in my power to defeat them, I am surprised you have not favored me with any answer. I own I was astonished to hear that in less than a fortnight after I left you at your father's, you was gone to London ; because I thought a man, who really loved a woman, and had been engaged to her six years, would certainly apply to her, and marry her in her own neighbourhood, and not suffer her to go 100 miles alone to him for that purpose, as you have done ; therefore if your

marriage be suspended, it is generally thought here that the party never truly loved you, whatever you may have thought to the contrary. All your acquaintance who have applied to me are satisfied, I have acted with honor and candor. They remark that Dr. M's. silence in the business, and suffering strangers to take it up, are no proof of any great regard for you. On the contrary they think he seems willing to make these reports a ground of excuse for not marrying you. In short it is thought very wrong in Miss Merry to come down here where you were, as it was whispered that the Doctor would gladly marry that lady, could he be off his engagement with you. As such, if you are never married to this gentleman, remember *I am blameless*; and you can have nothing to

reproach me of. I am much hurt to think that my politeness to you should have produced such consequences, and

I am your most obedient,

A. F."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The jealous Contrivance.

WHEN the mind is once stung by jealousy, and a man abuse his confidence in a woman he once intended to marry, the wound is too deep to be cured, and instead of relief, even the smallest circumstance tends to encrease its pain. Dr. Macaloes might have been in a state of indifference with Miss Grace, when he left her at Mrs. Douglas', and in his heart have preferred Miss Merry, but a recollection how long he had known the former, had corresponded with her, and formed her to his own way of thinking, operated on his compassion and

generosity to give her his hand, more perhaps on a plan of domestic friendship and religious union, than love and passion, the forerunners of refinement. At this period, therefore, he might seriously, though carelessly, intend to marry her as soon as her health would permit. But when he had reason to doubt her fidelity and gratitude, as he certainly had through the artful medium of Miss Merry's secret and slanderous communications, he very naturally was brought to a pause and acted with fear and caution, lest by taking Miss Grace into his bosom, he should raise a temple to his own future dishonor and misery. Supplied then as he was with materials, for suspicion, by Miss Merry, whom he possibly might like better, he treated Miss Grace with tameness

and cool civility. He visited her at the Inn and conversed with her, but all that he saw bright in her with one eye, was darkened by the other. His interrogatories were pointed and close. Her asseverations solemn and ardent; and at length the better to amuse her, he gave her to understand that he should think no more of all he had heard; but that when she was better she should go to a sister's in the country, from whence he would take her to Bath and marry her. For this purpose a place was taken for her in the stage, and for the satisfaction of the Doctor, she wrote a letter, which she dictated to Florimond, in cool and distant terms, and which was delivered to a servant for the postman. She then left London and arrived at her sister's, where she was in full expectation that the

Doctor would come to her and perform his word.

The day after she left the Inn, the servant to whom her letter to Florimond was delivered for the post, having purposely forgotten it, handed it over to her master, who the next time he saw the Doctor, gave it to him. They deliberated on the propriety of sending it away, and at last, full of suspicion, the Doctor opened it. He found the contents to be what he dictated, but alas! there was enclosed in it a small piece of paper, which he had not seen. Never was the consternation of men greater than when they read it. The letter itself being harsh, Miss Grace, who undoubtedly was of a very tender disposition, could not bear that Florimond should suppose

it her own language. She therefore softened it by an expression of her own, wherein she desired him to hint to the Doctor he was going abroad, and that he was only joking in all he had said to Miss Merry.

To a mind inflamed like the Doctor's, this small piece of paper, like the hat in *The Suspicious Husband*, though innocent, simple, and unimportant in itself, sufficed to confirm Miss Grace's infidelity; and the Doctor now determined never to think of her more. He wrote to her finally thus.

“ Miss Grace,

Though I have long been acquainted with the deceitfulness of the human heart, I could not have believed

it possible that so much treachery and guilt could be found in so specious and fair a form. Nothing but your own letters to your friend, which through a marvellous providence have fallen into my hands, could have persuaded me of that depth of iniquity, which you have carried on, and to which my honor and peace were to be sacrificed. You need not now advise him to quit the Hot-Wells—hint to the Doctor he is going abroad, or say that he only joked with Miss Merry. No more lies need to be hatched from the bottomless pit—no more deceptions put in practice. The guilt is confirmed, the criminality proved under your own hand writing, which however deceitful in other matters you have been, in this carries the full force of conviction, and shall be carefully preser-

ved for the satisfaction of your relations, who may for lack of evidence suppose you hardly dealt by. If affection was done away, was there not one spark of honor left to restrain you from such unparalleled baseness and ingratitude? Did you feel no compunction in bringing an impure to his arms, whose affections for you were engaged, not by your outward person, but by what he thought a right principle within? Did not your conscience once smite you, on a consideration of that disinterested friendship he not only professed, but had proved in various instances? Indeed it appears to me as a dream, when I reflect on the many professions and asseverations you made of your innocence, both to me and my friends—but as I then told you, God would bring to light the hidden

things of darkness, so it has proved, though in a way contrary to my wishes and expectations; but I desire to bless and praise his holy name for delivering me from so deep laid a snare. May he give you a repentance unto life. Many instances there are in the scriptures of mercy shown unto such as you. Mary Magdalen, the woman of Samaria, &c. May you find it also at his hands—but it must be sought for by deep contrition, sincere penitence, many tears and strong cries. My heart bleeds for you, but every duty I owe myself points out the impropriety of my holding any further correspondence with so artful and so false a woman. Adieu,

G. Macaloes.

Surely some other cause than this

intercepted letter, which contained a bit of paper, must have occasioned so harsh and illiberal a commentary as the foregoing. The Doctor talks of guilt and conviction under Miss Grace's own hand. Like the Suspicious Husband in the play, perfect shadows alarm him, and he turns them into substances, a plain proof of the jealousy of his temper, or that he readily caught at the seeming proof of something he would not explain, to break off his connection with her, in favor of another. It certainly was imprudent in Miss Grace to enclose anything in the letter the Doctor had dictated to Florimond, as she might have written to him privately. But so it happened, and her letter came into the Doctor's hands, who opened it, and made use of it as if Miss Grace had been, what



he had no reason to conclude, criminal with Florimond. Could she not advise him to leave the Wells but the Doctor must suppose he had been too familiar with her? Could she not desire him to hint to the Doctor he was going abroad, but it must be resolved that she loved him before all men? and could she not entreat him to write word he was only joking with Miss Merry but she must be charged with hatching of falsities from the bottomless pit? And yet from these simple words did the Doctor set her down as false and treacherous. She desired the first, because she had heard him say he should go to Jamaica. She desired the second because she had heard he had really said many things in jest, by way of parrying off the laugh that was against him for his going to

Worcester with a millener ; and as she thought her welfare was at stake, it was natural for her anxiously to wish for such an answer from Florimond as would satisfy the Doctor's scruples, which joking apart, he seemed to deal largely in. What right was there for him to treat her as a prostitute?—Still he was disturbed, and trifles in such a situation as his, magnified to make him abandon her and torment himself.

CHAPTER XXXV.

The Disappointment.

WHILE Florimond was left a solitary at Mrs. Douglas', and imagined the whole alarm between Dr. Macaloes and Miss Grace had vaped away, that poor devoted lady received the Doctor's farewell but indecent letter at her sister's. She was shocked on reading it, and fainted away. When she recovered she reasoned with herself. "How base and ungentleman-like," said she, "was it to intercept my letter. I thought the Doctor as little capable of such rudeness as of writing to me in so abusive a way. I own I am hurt, but if this is the nature of the man he deserves no

reply, and my silence will best betray to him my contempt. He has deluded me throughout. He says it was not my outward form he loved and I believe it ; for such a man convinces me he is incapable of love. I acknowledge his civilities ; but should I have married him I should have been a miserable recluse, a poor prisoner in his house, as on the common side of a jail. I will not therefore make myself unhappy but endeavor to forget him. When I contrast his conduct to me with Florimond's, it appears hideous. It was ever tame and unaffectionate, and full of fanaticism, dullness, and despondency, while Florimond's was fervent, respectful, and ever attentively alive to me. What then shall I do ? What shall I say to my father ? He, poor man, will be distressed in his old age to

find a daughter thus deceived. Shall I write to Florimond? He I am sure will compassionate me and God who reads my heart, knows that except for my engagement, I could have liked no man so well. Yet did not I disappoint him? Yes, I did, and his reproaches pierce my heart. I however know his tender humanity, and how ready he is to draw a veil of compassion over the infirmities of our nature. I will write to him," and she accordingly sent him the following—

“ My dear Florimond,

I have left London and am now in Gloucestershire, a few miles distant from you ; therefore I beg of you to come to me immediately as I have a deal to say which I cannot write ; as several of my letters to you have

been intercepted. By all the love you professed for me come to me as soon as possible, for I am unhappy, and long to see you. Say nothing to any one of this letter. Adieu, dearest of men. Let me once more see an object so much beloved.

Yours,

C. G."

So affectionate a letter from a lady who had led a gentleman into a variety of mistakes, and tendered herself in marriage to another, excited the wonder and amazement of Florimond, who had been put to much trouble in answering her letters, and doing away a charge of criminality with her. He reflected on its inconsistency, and thinking that an involuntary love for him might be the cause, he waited on her as well to know what had passed in London,

as to sooth and pacify her, contrary perhaps to what one man in a thousand would have done, in the same condition. He met her in a park where she pathetically informed him of the Doctor's interdiction, her journey to London, and the manner in which she had been treated there—that her letter to him had been stopped and opened—that she had been sent to her sister's under the idea that the Doctor would follow her and marry her at Bath; but that instead thereof he had sent her a final but coarse letter which she produced. He expressed his concern on reading it, having never read anything so harsh from a gentleman to a lady before, and asked, with looks of pity and kindness, whether she felt any reason to look up to him. A placid engaging woman in distress

interested him in her favor. She admitted that except for her enclosing what she had done in her intercepted letter, she certainly should have *been married to Dr. Macaloes*, consequently after expressing his surprise at her want of caution throughout, and conscious of no wrong on his part, he repeated his question, whether she had any thing to expect from him? she said no, unless he had the same regard for her he had when he left her at Worcester ; though this was impossible after all her deceptions he felt the dilemma into which she was brought. “ I must” said she, “ soon remove from my sister’s house, and home is hateful to me, lest I may be blamed by my family, or laughed at by my neighbour’s. ’ He strove to make her easy, unwilling to add one pang to a mind already sufficiently

mortified and disappointed by a thoughtless conduct. That she secretly regarded him he believed, and finding he could not afford to marry her without a fortune, at a time too she had been engaged to the Doctor, she would have married that gentleman for the sake of bettering her condition and secretly have preserved her acquaintance with Florimond. But however love might be her apology for this ; with him the idea was painful. He had liked her, but a recollection of all that had passed forbade his thinking otherwise of her than as an accidental acquaintance. To appease her apprehensions he engaged to pave her way home to her father's, by explaining things properly to him. Accordingly having taken leave of her, and returned to the Wells, where she promised to

send to him again, he wrote to her father thus:

“ Sir,

“ I should not trouble you with this letter, had I not been told that your daughter Charlotte has experienced a disappointment in marriage, on the ground of her acquaintance with me. I have been very unhappy that unwarrantable liberties have been taken with my name, for having shown your daughter common civility at the Wells, where she was left alone without a servant, in a common lodging-house; and where I own, thinking her a lady of small fortune, I professed a wish to treat with her on honorable terms, if prudence and no prior engagement would permit it. But the moment I was convinced such an engagement had taken place,

I dropped the thought of it, and wished her all possible happiness with a man who appeared to have better pretensions to her ; though little did I think that any one, as a rival, had been a spy in her actions, or that her friend in London could abandon her as he has done. Several of his friends here have spoken to me on the subject, all of whom are satisfied that his conduct is unaccountable, except, because he has heard some little tittle tattle, which he has never taken the trouble to have explained as he should have done. From what I can understand he wishes to marry another person, the very lady who I suspect has acted very unfairly. Had the Doctor interfered in the business himself, he might have been satisfied that your daughter's conduct with me was not

criminal. However, sir, I can only say that every thing on my part shall be done to relieve it ; in the mean time I hope you will compose an amiable daughter in distress.

I am,

Your most humble servant,

A. F."

By the same post, Florimond addressed himself thus to Dr. Macaloes:

" Sir,

" A sense of the impropriety of writing to an utter stranger as you are to me, on the subject of a lady, has hitherto preserved my silence towards you. But hearing lately that you have written a letter to her, containing very harsh reproaches, on account of her acquaintance with me, I cannot resist addressing my senti-

ments to you thereon, lest a defenceless woman should fall a victim to the grossest of falsehoods and misconception. I expressed my astonishment at the assertion of a lady who I understand cherished a hope of being honored with your hand, had no other person been previously engaged to you. Whatever, sir, you may have heard, I declare on my honor the reports as stated to me are wicked and untrue, as I have convinced every one who has applied to me here. I can easily conceive that when the mind is alarmed by the doubt of a woman's affections, a virtuous jealousy is too apt to predominate and embitter all his thoughts of her. I do not wonder, therefore, that you have been rendered unhappy at the intelligence you have received; though you will give me leave to say,

I rather wonder you should take it up for granted on a *depañte* relation, without tracing out the truth in person, and hearing the other side. I confess, that from a laudable desire to promote my own happiness with a virtuous woman I could love, I suffered myself to be led into an error, too confidently in regard to Miss Grace, who I thought a lady of moderate fortune and honorably free to receive the addresses of any man. But when I found she was engaged to you, who had better pretentions, I dropped the thought of treating with her, though, as I have said in a letter to her father, little did I think that any one had been a spy on her actions, or who could pervert the little she had seen or heard of me, so as to induce you to abandon her ; assigning as a reason, that she stands self con-

demned of something or other under her own hand, in a letter you have intercepted of her's to me. However coarsely you have treated her, I am sure were you acquainted with me you would have reason to say I am incapable of injuring any person. I am much concerned for both your situations.

I am,

Your most humble servant,

A. F."

In a day or two after the dispatch of these letters, Florimond received this seeming tender, and fond letter from Miss Grace; on which the reader will comment without hesitation.

“ My Dear Florimond,

“ Nothing more relieves the distresses of an aching heart than to pour out our complaints into the bosom of a sympathizing friend, who tenderly feels our misfortunes, and consoles a wounded mind. Such I hope I find when writing or talking to my dear Florimond.

“ I now see I have more reason to rejoice at the loss of the Doctor than regret it, especially if I am so fortunate to retain the love and esteem of another.

“ I wish I were now sailing with you to the West Indies, for I could bid adieu to every thing here. My sister and her husband are returned home: *they much wish for the union's taking place immediately—but what*

shall I say to it? I cannot urge you to any thing: Love and delicacy both restrain me; Yet—yet—I can say no more, lest I offend you by my forwardness—except that we wish to see you here as soon as possible. Adieu.

Your's affectionately,

C. G."

P. S. I have long thirsted for true knowledge, and do assure you, my mind is now cleansed of all that fanatic rubbish it has so long been loaded with, which it regards with pity and contempt. I blush to think how many years I have devoted to folly and ignorance; but I hope to redeem them under you.

Accompanied with this epistle,

Miss Grace in the warmth of her heart sent Florimond the following verses:—

To A. F.

To find his wish should be my care,
His gloomy thoughts I'd strive to cheer,
I'd sacrifice my all to please,
To make his life one scene of ease ;

And penetrate his inmost soul,
His faintest signs should me controul ;
I then should find his grand desire,
Then bring him all he would require.

Seraphic joys should fill our mind,
We extacies supreme should find ;
Our conversation always free,
And he my constant guide should be.

His judgment clear, his manner bold,
And all enchanting to behold :
Still quite refin'd and full of love,
Our souls shall sometimes soar above.

To his superior sense I'd yield,
His judgment clear should be my shield ;

He should direct while I'd submit,
And all his fancies strive to hit.

Sure this would be a scene of joy,
As nothing should our peace annoy,
An earthly bliss known but to few,
I wish that bliss to self and you.

Soft harmony should charm his ear,
Refine his thoughts, destroy his fear,
Enchant his soul, secure his heart,
From the blind archer's secret dart !

Sometimes I'd dance, sing, play, and toy,
Sometimes be free, at others coy ;
To hit his humor that's the thing,
Which wreathes with peace the nuptial ring.

In short, I ev'ry thing would do
To make each day bring something new ;
All to amuse, and entertain,
And still I faithful would remain.

Exert my skill, complete the plan,
All to enchant my charming man ;
Let all alive be pliant, sweet,
My house and family always neat.

Before I din'd I 'd always dress,
 And from indulgence nice transgress ;
 For should my charmer say 't will do,
 Since there is none but I and you.

With tender words I 'd quick reply---
 " For you I 'd live, for you I 'd die ;
 " You 'll find me ready to obey,
 " I never, never will say nay."

Then watch his looks, see if this please,
 Make it my duty not to tease ;
 My every skill by turns I 'd move
 To glad the heart of him I love.

C. G.

Whatever were Florimond's thoughts over this courteous seductive letter, together with the yet more seductive verses—however anxious he might imagine Miss Grace were to supply the loss of one lover, by securing another, he waited upon her at her sister's, and after satisfying them that Dr. Macaloes had too credulously believed her criminal, he

accompanied Miss Grace across the country, with the approbation of her brother-in-law, home to her father's and mother's, who received him with plain but rustic kindness, and with whom he passed an agreeable week. "Sir," said the honest farmer "I have brought up a large family, by the use of the plough, to each of whom I mean to give two hundred pounds." "For my part," answered Florimond, "I cannot afford to marry without a fortune—If I could I might possibly prefer your daughter." "I nevertheless promise you my friendship." "Sir," replied the farmer and his wife, "I thank you. My daughter will always find a home here, and I hope make herself happy."

This contented Florimond, whose mission was now happily completed,

and he cheerfully took his leave of Miss Grace and her family, and returned to the Wells to smile and contemplate over his success in smoothing the way for an unfortunate daughter to the arms and house of an affectionate father ; from whence, at her leisure, she wrote to Dr. Macaloes the following letter :—

“ In your own language Mr. Macaloes, it is a duty I owe to myself to take notice of your last letter. Is it possible that the man I thought the pattern of humanity should be capable not only to stab a woman, but wrangle the dagger in the wound he has made! Is it possible, that under her ill health, he could have so little regard for it as to administer poison instead of those balms which the common tenderness of a man

would gladly apply. In the hurry of your jealousy you have forgotten the dignity of your own sex, and all respect for mine. Mercy on you for such an assassin-like attack. Wrapped up, however, in innocence, I alleviate my uneasiness by a persuasion that you only are to blame. I doubted in London of your real esteem for me, while you could preserve silence on the subject of Florimond. But since you are capable of talking as you do, you convince me that a shadow is enough for your purpose, and despairing of finding the substance, you readily catch at mere nothing to gratify it. Why did you hurry me out of town, after dictating a letter for me to Florimond? why did you intercept that letter, and open it? but because, like the suspicious character in the Comedy,

you was jealous of that virtue you had abused. You either loved me or you did not. You have proved the latter by your mean doubts of my fidelity, and have passed sentence on me in which you compare me to certain characters in that misconstrued book, you appear to have read, till it has driven from you the common charity of a man. Too much in the religious spirit of a malicious monk you have written to me with the utmost indecency, and as if you could rejoice in my destruction. If you approve of all this, cease evermore the name of christian. Yet, however you may wish to have it known that you possess it, your practice by no means correspond with that abundant theory you have forced upon me, but which now is nauseous in my remembrance. You may soon take

that repentance to yourself, you so bountifully preach to me. You have injured and insulted me grossly. Your ultimate treatment proves that you have imposed upon me, the discovery whereof, before I was under your dominion, ought to make me rejoice that I have escaped it in not becoming your wife. Cowardly presuming on my weakness you have made me despise you for your assaults, and as this is the last time I shall write to you I desire a return of all my letters, for which you shall have yours. This done, I insist you will be cautious how you ever more mention my name, as I assure you yours shall be erased from my memory in every sense but that of the most sovereign contempt.

C. G."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

FLORIMOND *and* LORIMER.

THE name of Lorimer being announced to Florimond, it came across his ear like the sweet South blowing o'er a bed of roses. When he entered the room, "Fresh news," says he: "What is it?" asked Florimond, taking the Bristol Gazette. Reads—

News from the Hot-Wells.

The writer of the News extraordinary at the Hot-Wells presents his compliments to his readers, as he finds they have not fully understood him, he begs leave to inform them that the house he meant was not

where it was generally supposed, but some distance from it, and he is sorry that the character of the Philosopher has been applied to the Mahometan. The former is not only a moralist, but a man of a most accommodating and complaisant conscience ; for, like the late Johny Gay, it is the same thing to him whether he is in a tabernacle or a bagnio. He is a man of general powers among women, and he can either preach or plead as is most agreeable to his purpose. But though a Hot-Wells physician imagined him to be a Methodist merely because he heard him hold forth, he is the reverse of that character, and thought by some persons to be, as to any outward form of worship, what Mr. Pope said of women, no character at all, though a good man and a common

friend, who *always* has great charity for the ladies, particularly if they be young and pretty.

“ This affords amusement,” says Florimond, “ to the reader, and food to the printer. Who can it come from? It is written with a good-natured pen, but I wish the author would lay it down, as really, after all the trouble and uneasiness I have had without any profit, I think it is high time I changed my quarters, and returned to London.”

“ I think so too,” said Lorimer, “ but as I have met a widow of fortune, I propose staying where I am, and improving myself by your ill requited credulity. I shall learn first what are her real circumstances, and then if possible make her mine. I

think she will do, and you shall know the progress I make in due season." "I shall be glad to hear from you," replied Florimond. "I believe you are Fortune's favourite, and will have the reward of a wealthy wife you can esteem. Any other I know you would avoid, while I fear I must be contented, with ending my ramble little better than I began it."

Florimond and Lorimer then parted, one went to his lodgings, the other to London.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Good News.

FLORIMOND had been in London but a short time before he received a letter from Lorimer, informing him of his marriage to the Widow, with a fortune of 30,000*l.* and that he was completely happy at his Manor House in Shropshire, where he should always rejoice to see Florimond, and render him every service in his power. He spoke truth, for a worthier creature never existed. Peace, therefore, be for ever with him, and may he live long for his own sake, the happiness of his wife, and the advantage of his friends.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The Soliloquy.

FLORIMOND, vexed and disappointed in all his views, reflected on the losses he had sustained, the anxiety he had suffered, the time he had unprofitably devoted to study, while the illiterate and uninformed found wealth as the crown of their plodding endeavours. He walked out from his chambers on a clear and wholesome evening for a little air.

“Why am I,” said he to himself, “born to be the sport of fortune, subject to the ill nature of some of my fellow creatures—the envy and shortsighted remarks of others. Why am I to be reproached for endeavors

that originated in virtue, and for sequestering myself from the busy world --- involving myself in the deepest contemplation, and aiming at that rank to which I am entitled by nature and education? Why hath a just pride ever kept me aloof from the ordinary ways of men, which are censurable and disgusting to taste and sentiment; but because I have found my highest delight in the regions of science, and the calmness of retirement; and because the pleasures of a studious and philosophical life transcend, in serious and thinking minds, all the false and painful allurements of a restless and an ambitious one. Why did I confine myself as a son, so long to the peaceful domain of a parent, and sacrifice so large a portion of my time to her, to the neglect of

my interest as a man ; but because I respected and loved her, and resolved, in her declining years, when covered by growing infirmities, never to quit her but in death. Why, since I have lost her, and felt her loss at every turn, did I wish to marry a virtuous woman with a competence, but because I lacked domestic society and independence to lull me into quiet ? Why has Fate made me the dupe of Miss Grace's folly and imprudence, but because I too fondly thought her sincere as myself, and as mindful of truth ? And why, after every honest effort to reach the goal of ease, am I to be reproached for lassitude of exertion in my profession, and the laudable desire of following it as a Gentleman—but because I have been too much known to narrow contracted-minded

men, who with good hearts, but mean sentiments, have too freely condemned what they would otherwise have applauded."

He was interrupted in this reverie, by an acquaintance who accidentally met him in his walks, and who informed him that he had heard Miss Merry was on terms of great intimacy with Doctor Macaloes, and that it was thought they would shortly be joined together in holy wedlock.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

The Successful Rivals.

WHILE Florimond was engaged in the humane business of soothing Miss Grace, and placing her at home in peace, after the tribulation she had gone through with Doctor Macaloes in London, Miss Merry had wormed herself into the good opinion of the man she secretly loved. He owed his escape from what he called Miss Grace's deep laid snare, to the intelligence he received from Miss Merry, and as it now appeared, he liked her the best, not only because she had two hundred pounds a year, and the other nothing, but

because she was more engaging, he felt himself happily free, and declared his intentions by her. Nothing could give her greater joy ; her purpose was answered, and in proportion as she blackened the character of Miss Grace, she brightened her own. “ My dear Miss Merry,” said the Doctor, embracing her, “ I have long loved you, but concealed the declaration, unthinking till lately I ever should have the opportunity of making it, as I now sincerely do. I owe much to you. I once thought you to blame in the business of Miss Grace, but now I thank you. That unhappy person proved her own guilt, and I have done with her.”—“ I suffered much on the occasion,” answered Miss Merry, “ but am at last made happy by your discovery.”

Preparations were now made for their nuptials, and in the course of the following spring, Dr. Macaloes and Miss Merry were married by a Methodist parson, each sacrificing a vow of constancy to the other, in the presence of that God, whose providence, while it left Miss Grace at home, had brought them together for none to put asunder.

CHAPTER XL.

The Fair Methodist self-tormented.

ALTHOUGH in the enjoyment of our locomotive faculties, we may, in a state of liberty, remove our persons, and waft them from place to place by the freedom of our will, there is yet one we never can fly from. It is mere self which none can ever flee. Conscience, the voice of God, is a mirror wherein we truly see ourselves, and all its dictates are faithful and undeceptive. There the records of all our thoughts and deeds, our intentions and designs are enrolled, never to be erased but with our lives, and there, by searching, we may know ourselves. If the

picture be fair, all will be peace; if foul, the harpies discord, remorse, and shame, will harrow up our souls, and make it hideous!

When Miss Grace heard that her quondam friend and lover, Doctor Macaloes, and her artful rival, Miss Merry, were married, her spirits sunk, her heart palpitated, her countenance blushed, and she was tremblingly alive all o'er. Yet, hoping to secure Florimond, who, in return for the civilities he had received at her father's, had made her some presents, and corresponded with her in friendship, she recovered from her *embarras*, and studiously courted him, until conscious of her uninviting conduct, and finding that Florimond meant not at any rate to marry her, but to let his acquaintance dwindle gradually away,

—she demanded her letters of him, so as to possess that evidence she had established against herself. But seeing through the thin texture of her disguise, he parried off her request in soothing language, saying, it was her interest not to suffer any eligible offer to pass her, that she might meet in her travels. Wounded and self-tormented at this, she burst out into an ebullition of anger and malice, and discovered the tyger in the shape of the lamb. She heaped up abundant abuse upon him. Her insolence kept pace with her impertinence, and she at once lost all that christian spirit she affected to have, which now gave way to vulgarity and spleen. She ceased to be a Methodist even in form, and displayed the rage of a disappointed woman ; for all of which, the truly philoso-

phical Florimond, wrote her his eternal adieu, as follows :

“ Miss Grace,

Although you astonished me by your conduct the summer before last, which my regard for you made me then remark with tenderness, your late behaviour makes me marvel, that a person of so placid and fair an appearance as you are, should be capable of adopting the language of the vulgar, and raving as you seem to do. Bare assertions have no weight with me, and whatever you may think of me, grounded on the delusive scenes I have been led into, thank God, I am out of their reach, and shall supplicate him to turn that heart, which, in an instant, can convert itself from the affected innocence of the lamb into the force,

ness of the tyger. But wrong me as you do, I despise the motive that leads you to it, as much as I pity and forgive you for your rashness. I am conscious of having acted as a gentleman and a man of honour by you; and as to your calling names, in charity I pass it over, leaving my silence as the severest commentary upon it. Ah, Miss Grace, how ready you are to forget yourself when you so grossly abuse me. As your conduct by me is known at the Wells, and to my family, be cautious how you continue it, lest, in your impotent attacks on my honor, you destroy you own—

If your insolent letters be the sentiments of your heart, they will henceforth oblige me to bid you an adieu for ever. Some slanderous in-

formation or other may have induced you to pen them, and you must be credulous indeed, to make the use of it you now do. At all events, you debase yourself in that good opinion I had of you when you first attracted, and, I am sorry to say, deluded my attention to you. So inconsistent is your behaviour, that, upon my honor, I smile at the malice of your expressions, which I am so unused to, that, thank God, I never met with the like before. They insult the man, who never meant, or did you harm, for which, you have no example in me. If my letters shew your frailty, they bear evident marks of my compassion.

You speak of your eyes. Time and reflection may restore their clear-

ness, and convince you that you have cheated yourself into a belief that I have wronged you, just as the most corrupt and ignorant sinners embrace the doctrine of Methodism in the hope of salvation, though they be never so false and erroneous. Were I the character which you in your abundant rudeness endeavour to make me, I should condemn myself; but wrapt up as I am in the warm mantle of conscious innocence, I look upon all you splenetically write me with indifference. The farce is curious, and is simply this: When I first saw you, I liked you. I was candid in my declarations. You told me you had three hundred pounds a year—that your parents were in the class of gentility, and that your father would give you a

portion in marriage. Wishing to settle myself with a good woman of fortune, and laughing at the idea of a six year's engagement, which you slightly touched on, as if to give a spur to my ardor, I devoted all my attention to you at the Wells, at the expence of my interest in London, which I deserted and sacrificed to you. Indeed I thought you kind, and with your concurrence I went with you to Worcester, hoping, from your own professions, you would consult your father, and let me know the result there. You kept me in suspense a week, and then I came over to you to know who and what you were. The intelligence I collected surprized me. Still my sincerity blinded me. You spoke me fair, and I returned to the Wells,

where Miss Merry, whom I thought your disinterested friend, privately lamented to me what she had seen of you. My astonishment was visible, and I endeavored to make the best of it. But as to what you may think, the whole is an idle reverie, and only excites my smiles. My letter to you at your father's will show how much I wondered at the gross impropriety of your leaving home, and travelling to London to be married, instead of being waited upon in your own neighbourhood. Wounded as I was by the discovery, you added to my alarm by your invitation to see you when married. Forget not the generous language I talked to you on the idea of your flying from the embraces of one man to the bed of another. I was urged to it while

you covered me with the veil of deceit ; yet you rashly ventured, and found a blank drawn for you by a preferred rival, who had inflamed every thing she had heard and seen of you for the mutual purpose of herself and lover. You then applied to me, and I did every thing I could for you, inasmuch that nothing but your own intercepted letter frustrated your views, and compelled your friend to send you to your sister's, where on receipt of his farewell letter to you, written in the sweetest language, you sent for me, and I instantly waited on you. I commiserated the situation you had brought yourself into, and with the best of intentions, not only wrote to the Doctor, but your father, and then, with the approbation of your sister, accompanied you home. For your

father's civility I was much obliged, and to oblige you, concealed from him, at your desire, several parts of your conduct, which would strongly tell against you. I then left you in peace and friendship, persuading myself you would prove inherently worthy. But little did I think that, after all the affectionate letters you have since written me, you could, in a moment, drop from the meek, placid, methodistical Miss Grace, into an abusive, inconsistent woman. I long liked you in the former character, and was ready to excuse all your indiscretions; but in the latter, I pity you, and finally hold up this mirror to you, in which you may truly see yourself. I leave you to sigh over the likeness, and now take my farewell of you, and all your vulgarity, for ever.

You may expose yourself, but never can affect a character, which, in derision of every thing that malice can attempt, will look down on the slander of the ignorant, however provoked by self-created disappointment, or enraged by despair or self conviction. You are the second Methodist that has deceived me. I shall now beware of the third, recommending you never more to let the word religion fall from your faithless lips, nor boast of truth or virtue, after all you have said and done by me, who have only to blame myself for the losses I have sustained in pursuing a phantom. Adieu for ever and ever, You'll hear no more from him you may live to repent your abuse of ; yet, in compassion to your infirmi-

ties, you shall be buried in oblivion, never to be brought by him again to the face of day.

Your's no more,

A. F."

CHAPTER XLI.

A Letter from LORIMER.

“ Dear Florimond,

BEING lately at Shrewsbury on business, and in company of some ladies, I discovered that one of them was well acquainted with Miss Grace, the lady with whom you had been so pleased, but disappointed; after having been deserted by you, and bewailing her melancholy situation, was married to a hardware manufacturer at Wolverhampton. But what displeased me most, was, that she had given out among her friends and family that she had been ill treated by you, who had promised to marry

her, after being the means of her breaking off her engagement with another man, who, I am informed, is a worthy character, and who was near the point of marrying her; but that since her acquaintance with you he is wedded to Miss Merry, of whom I think I heard you speak at the Wells. I am glad I heard all this nonsense, as it gave me the friendly opportunity of doing justice to your character, and defeating such aspersions. Pray inform me how you are. Mrs. Lorimer joins me in sending you sincere compliments, and I am

Your sincere friend,

C. L.

P. S. The lady further says she has most of her information about you from Bristol, and the Wells—sad

places for slander and insincerity, backbiting and dirt. Remember what Savage says of the Bristolians."

Florimond was highly pleased with this letter from his friend Lorimer, to whom he wrote this answer:—

"Dear Lorimer,

I am obliged to you for your letter, which proves what indeed I never doubted, the sincerity of your friendship. The lady whose calumny I forgive, has acted very ungenerously by me. She is indebted to herself for the whole of her late situation, and I heartily wish I had never seen her. As to any information she might receive against me, I despise and laugh at it. Accident threw me among a pack of miserable Methodists at the Wells, whom I

found to be sinners in the extreme. In my life, Lorimer, I never knew one among them worth hanging.

As to Bristol, I there made acquaintance with several attorneys, and others, for whom I did business. They treated me with great apparent civility, and for their sakes, I hope, they do not come within what Savage says——

Revere, or seem the stranger to revere,
Praise, fawn, profess, be all things but sincere;
What friendship canst thou boast, what honor's
claim,
To thee each stranger owes an injured name.

Dirt enough there is among the good people there, but thank God I am too fond of virtuous cleanliness and true Godliness, to suffer any to stick with me, though I am as liable

to collect it in bad weather as other people.

Bristol, to give you a short account of it, is sunk in a dark dirty bottom, but surrounded by the most beautiful country in the world. The houses in general are old and mean. The inhabitants most industriously plodding, vulgar, and proverbially hoggish. There is a great appearance of decency, sobriety, and good order among them. They even seem religious, and keep good hours. Filthy too as the streets are, they are remarkably clean in their persons, and of a Sunday their churches and chapels (and there is scarce a sectary under heaven but is to be found among them) are well attended, by different classes of people; the whiteness of whose linen, and the neatness of

whose apparel strike the eye of every beholder. Yet this is little more than appearance, for with all their outward sanctity and devotion, they have an inward spirit of meanness, and worldly profit is their sole pursuit; to obtain which they will sacrifice one friend to another, and leave nothing untried within the extreme limits of the law. They have near 100 Attorneys among them, some of whom without touching on the depth of their understanding, or the extent of their information, are hearty and hospitable.

Industrious nevertheless as the Bristolians are, it is certain from the universal remark of all strangers, that they are tasteless and insipid on every subject but mere business, in which their characters bear little or

no marks of liberality or superior discernment. They abound in low cunning ; they have no idea of the politer arts ; no turn for music, and the Muses fly abash'd their company. The Day-book and Ledger take place of books in Science and Literature ; and even at a dance, an assembly, or concert, seldom as they are met with ; the whole is a piece of unreal mockery, as is indeed their city court of justice, and constitutes the Bristolians a people fit only for the plodding walks of trade, wherein, as may suit their inclinations, they often overreach the guardless stranger, under the semblance of urbanity, and an openness of heart, or daub him by their vulgarity. Among such people, therefore, it cannot be wonderful that I should meet the fate of

others. On the contrary, it would be rather extraordinary if I escaped the filth they so generally scatter in the midst of their awkward and affected civility; especially after defeating the enemies of the Bristol Merchant, who is an exception to the general cast of his fellow citizens, and seeing justice done him after every attempt to rob and plunder him.

I now wish I were as happy a benedict as you are. I could then laugh as heartily with my wife as I now do over my Hot-wells adventure, with an artful Fair Methodist; who, I suppose, fearing to lead apes, determined to marry any man that would have her.

A return of compliments brings
me to say

I am ever your's sincerely,

A. F.?"

CHAPTER XLII.

Conclusion.

THUS doth it appear that Dr. Macaloes is greatly obliged to Florimond, whose acquaintance with Miss Grace was the means of bringing Miss Merry to his arms, while that lady, by the accident of going to the same house where Florimond and Miss Grace were, had reason to rejoice in the success of her rivalry. Lorimer, too, after his summer excursion, was made contented by meeting the widow of his heart, with a handsome fortune, while Florimond, in the exercise of that humanity, peculiar to himself, left his once dear Grace in

peace and plenty at home, with her father and mother, from whence she was married to a mechanic, and set himself quietly down in his chambers in the Temple, unwedded, never more to think of a wife, until accident should throw her in his way. For the rest of the worthy personages, Mrs. Franco, Mr. Holyland, Mrs. Macaloes, and her soul's sister, Miss Tittup, they stand concealed under their own insignificance ; and as we have now gone through with what was promised in the title page, more than happens with books in general, it remains only to say, in the close of this chapter, that an attempt to apologise for the conduct of the parties concerned, may not be unwelcome to the moral and philosophical reader, who, sensible of the

fallibility of our nature, charitably
accounts for the errors of the head,
and the mistakes of the heart.

CHAPTER XLIII.

The same subject continued.

WHOEVER knows any thing of the Christian Religion is not to be informed that the actions of mankind are of themselves, however laudable, insufficient to constitute them truly Christians. When its Author declared that his Kingdom was not of this world, it implied that his dominion was purely spiritual : and that human flesh and blood were incapable, under those passions, common to our very nature, of every thing worthy of heaven. Yet among his apostles it is to be seen, that in this particular, two of them, Paul and James, seemed to differ. Throughout the

doctrine of the former, it is maintained, that the deeds of the law is sin. His words are "With my mind I serve the law of God, but with my flesh the law of sin;" and all righteousness is imputed by faith in him, who, interceding for us with God, became a propitiator for our deeds, which are all corrupt. Throughout the doctrine of the latter, we find that Faith, if it have not works, is dead; and that pure Religion is to visit the afflicted, and keep ourselves unspotted from the world. The Jews and Gentiles are excluded the Christian system, as the former are governed wholly by the law which Paul deems sinful, and the latter by nature, which James, though he admits that works are necessary, speaks nothing of. Undoubtedly the ways of men are made wicked by them-

selves, because they wander from their Maker, and forgetting him, they go on according to their lusts and appetites, which are sharpened by an erroneous education, and a sinful government; until overtaken by the law, in some measure sinful, or brought to a stand still by their own rashness, they reflect, and find him powerfully reigning in their conscience; a throne but little approached or sought after by a certain body of people, who, trusting all to faith, are more the disciples of Paul than James.

No one, let his religion be what it may, is without conscience, which properly defined, is a knowledge we all have within of our thoughts and actions; and it may properly be called an accuser and a judge, inas-

much that when we feel its charges, we are guilty ; though we are not always innocent when its reproaches are silent, for very often through the hardness of our hearts, and the partiality and blindness we have for ourselves, we lock out from our conscience a variety of wrongs we have done, and evils we have committed. If the scriptures speak of actions that are good or evil, conscience may be also called our director only to those, so far as our understanding reaches. Now as the measure of our knowledge is far from equal, scripture and reason are the standing rule of conduct for us all : and a conscientious mortal is that which does nothing by another it would not have done by itself, and of this its conscience is the scrutinizing judge. Paul tells the Corinthians, that " our rejoicing is

this, the testimony of our conscience." But of what use is conscience, if, as he more generally maintains, works of the flesh are of no avail, and righteousness only is imputed by faith? It may give one a knowledge how far we truly believe, but if deeds of the law are sin, it matters not whether or no conscience accuse or approve us, respecting any thing we do by one another. James, therefore, extends the Christian doctrine by blending works and faith together, and making conscience the judge of both. Yet conscientious mortals are not merely morally honest, which they may be with a conscience guided by their own ease and interest, without any regard to religion. A moral being may be disposed to lust and intemperance, and even practise these when their

health and safety are not injured. But there is no solid foundation of virtue, except in a conscience guided by religion, which resolves and determines the motives, grounds, and causes of our actions into the law of God. If this be rightly considered the conscientious will continue in their duty to the end of their lives ; because no worldly interest, which may produce evil, as well as good, and as subject to fluctuate and change with our passions and views, can ever balance the danger of offending the Creator, or the happiness of pleasing him, of which we may be fully informed by conscience, when directed by religion.

The actions of men, however, are too often directed by fear and hope, instead of conscience ; yet when the

latter places before them the object of everlasting joy, and the former the dread of everlasting punishment, as a return for their wickedness or virtue, reason will show them that the fear of temporal punishment will restrain them from very few vices it may happen to be their interest to commit; and nothing but infidelity is a ground for the contrary. To love God is to detest sin, corrupt as the world is, and to confide in him is to subdue and despise the allurements of mankind. Even the Ancient Heathens, who had only the lights of nature and reason, exceeded Christians in the practice of virtue. They were strict and exact in the education of their children, and believed rewards and punishments in a life to come, which is the great principle for conscience to work upon. To

be void then of a religious conscience, is to be below the ancient heathens, and equal to the infidels.

CHAPTER XLIV.

The Subject ended.

HAVING taken a cursory view of the seeming militating doctrine of Paul and James, and discussed the beauties of conscience, which determines in favor of the latter by a detestation of sin, which is contrary to the divine nature, and a love of faith as the very basis of religion, which the former dwells solely upon as a security for redemption, we are brought slightly to consider how far that order of people called Methodists are justified by faith alone, without any regard to works at all ; or holding all works be they good or bad, in total indifference, and as unessential in the great plan of salvation.

It must be confessed on all sides that as human nature is prone to evil, which is proportioned by human views, interest, and ambition, no moral action, merely as such, will entitle us to any thing more than a temporal reward. To merit a spiritual and eternal one we must have a conscience guided by religion, and by obeying human laws, the result of sin, though not sinful, in order to avoid human punishment, we must have firm faith in the lights of the scriptures to obtain eternal bliss. The scriptures nevertheless as a rule of faith, say, "Do as you would be done by:" and modes are therein laid down which prove that works applauded by conscience constitute us truly religious and virtuous. But the scheme of the Methodists will not admit of this argument. They are

born in sin, and live sinners to the end of their days, in spite of every effort to the contrary. To entitle them to heaven they must be regenerated. They must be favored and accepted, and once being so they ever remain so. They then look on all human actions with disdain. They attribute them to the sinfulness and frailty of their nature, allowing nothing for that virtue which arises from a conscience guided by religion. Thus clothed, as they call it, in righteousness, they live in a state of moral negligence, and degeneracy, in the confidence of never-ending happiness hereafter. They congregate by reflecting on their conscious wickedness, or fearing eternal punishment, and once elected by faith they disregard all moral rectitude and obligation, as useless, if not satanic.

Thus being sinners by nature they live sinners by supineness, and never aim at moral or conscientious amendment, because they deem it of no avail ; and all their actions, be they good or bad, amount to nothing. If the former, they obey the temporal law ; if the latter, repentance excuses them, and faith conducts them to an eternal reward, in derision of all rewards for conscience and virtue on earth. With them conscience is only a monitor of faith, and they may be often said to do temporal evil, that spiritual good may come of it.

They may be right, as it is hard to say who is wrong. If they be so, it amply accounts for the conduct of Miss Charlotte Grace, Dr. Macaloes and his lady, Mrs. Franco, and Mrs.

Douglas, who rising superior to good works take no note of evil, but sin on one hand, and believe on the other ; while Florimond and Lorimer, who are not within their pale, study conscious virtue for the sake of their happiness here, which joined with true religion, they doubt not will entitle them to it hereafter.

FINIS.



